Here Virginia, aged 19 or 20.
To remind you how her
hair came down.

Monks House
Rodmell.

Sunday
Feb 28th
1927

Are you well? Are you happy? You want to have poor Virginia again with you, even if she does have her hair cut & looks a fright?

No letter yet for nearly a fortnight. But perhaps one is waiting for me in the wire basket at Tavistock Sqre. We are down here for the week end, in a flood of wet & wind. The snowdrops are out & the w.c. has broken & Leonard & Percy Bartholomew are stamping about the garden in waterproofs & I'm sitting in the Lodge feeling rather cold. Mrs. Bartholomew is more draggly & wispy than ever — she fetches a long breath & goes on talking interminably. Rose wouldn't cook for us because I had forgotten to write to her. "If you dont think me worth a penny stamp" she kept saying standing at her cottage door. But we pacified her & she cooks far far more than we can eat. English village life seems to me stark raving mad — their feuds, their jealousies, their suspicions — Oh & does it strike you that ones friendships are long conversations, perpetually broken off, but always about the same

thing with the same person? With Lytton I talk about reading; with Clive about love; with Nessa about people; with Roger about art; with Morgan about writing; with Vita — well, what about do I talk about with Vita? Sometimes we snore — I must go & crouch over the fire.

It is rather a good fire: apple tree logs on top, coal underneath: an empty arm chair opposite. Oh Vita — if it weren't for the diplomacy, you might be sitting there now! I wasted two days on headache last week, & couldn't write — all my own fault for sitting up late talking I suppose: so this week I am going to sit at home & see no one.

My 'no clothes' dodge is working admirably. I was rung up yesterday by a woman called Lady Dilke who wanted me to give the Femina Vie Heureuse prize to a Frenchman. So I said I couldn't. And she said you must. So I said I wouldn't & she said I should. So it struck me, well I'll say I've no clothes. At which she quailed & withered, & crept off instantly: it was to be at Claridges in May. Also, I think I've got out of lunching with her on the same plea. Its true too. Never shall I buy another skirt. Never shall I lunch with Lady Dilke. Never shall I give a prize to a Frenchman. (And by the way, for your information I may add that she said something about giving me the prize & I blushed all over, holding the telephone, with shame & ignominy. This is true. Snobbish? No: instinctive; right.)

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621

(2)

Last page got wet with rain: then I went for a walk: now its Wednesday, & I did find your letter, (Dotties), in the wire cage; & I cheered up considerably. But I want lots more — volumes more. Anything you write, or think.

Look here, Vita. You must wring Harolds neck, if the worst comes to the worst. You have my sanction. A dead diplomat on a dust heap. You shant spend your entire life, or even the March's & April's, of your life being polite in the provinces: pouring out tea: putting on emeralds. No, no. You shant. Insect says no. Pippy (who's on the arm of the chair, sniffing the paper) says no. Vanessa says no.

I'm involved in Desmonds' affairs. I write endless letters. I engage first Clive then Sibyl on the telephone. They are very tactful. They cross examine poor Molly about her debts. Is she extravagant? What can she live on? Clive embroils everybody by brawling across the table. Molly says she hates everyone. Clive hates Sibyl. Both despise me. After all its not much different from village life & Rose Bartholomew; but it takes up the devil of a time; — I cant think what I was going to say.

We have told Angus to go; but he wants to stay. So now we are trying to combine him & Mervyn Arnold Forster — a dried up little man, who makes long

long jokes. And we've bought a machine for putting on stamps, only if you joggle it, it puts on 3 stamps: has triplets, I say (I've been doing it all the afternoon) & Mrs C. is shocked. The Press is very busy: all the envelopes are going out. P to T sold (I think) 929. A Genius has sent me the most adorable copy book; written on both sides in a crabbed hand: but its very good — a tour in Bohemia, by a Welshman. And we have a vast poem, & a huge novel, & a monstrous memoir.

I doubt we shall get to Greece. It takes too long. Italy? Spain? France? Now they want me to go to America 'this Fall'. What am I to say? I wish I'd got it over now. But somewhere I must go: & sit outside a café & drink wine & eat pâté de foie gras & hear a little Latin spoken.

Yes, darling honey, I am a misery without you.

So don't, I beg, be foolish walking over mountains. If you break a leg, I break my heart, remember. Pubby says I must seen her in the Square.

Write again, as soon as you can.

I did like your letter. And, following your orders (P to T) I read it so as to elicit every grain, & could write an exposition gets meanings & sub meanings in 20 volumes.

V Virginia

P. S.

Wednesday night.

Your letter just come – About
Greece – All our plans are
hopelessly vague at the moment.
Leonard anyhow has to be back in
London on the 28th: Could you be
earlier? No: I suppose not. Roger
probably cant manage Greece.
We'd almost decided on France.
Its very tempting. A sublime idea.
I'll consider. I'll write in a day or
two. You see, I've promised to go
to Vanessa, & that uses a week &
we've only 4. But a divine
thought. Greece. Gangway. Vita
Yr ~~[illegible]~~

Virginia
(Cold fish – ho ho!)

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621

6th March
1927.

Dearest Honey,

It was a treat to open the wire cage & find —
long sealed letter from you. Yes of course I can translate
your motto: what did I waste my youth on? Latin —
Greek. This year you seem to me, imaginatively more
unattainable: more pearled, powdered, white legged,
gay, gallant & adventurous than ever. I can't
imagine you in the basement, where old Cartwright
scratches her head with her pen, & the floor gets
dusty with atoms of brown paper, & Angus jams over
his cigarette, & the beginners hand dripping wet. —
Pinker gnaws a bit of string, & the telephone rings;
& we hear the thud of Pritchards clerks galloping
up & down — & — & — & . Why did I launch into this
description? It can't convey anything to you
all the same. Still — do you — I'm very fond of you. I lie in
bed making up stories about you. Do send me —
heap of facts: you know how I love a fact: what
you had for dinner: & any scrap of real talk

for instance between you & Harold, upon which I then build
pinnacle & pagodas, all unreal as you justly remark.
No we shant manage Greece. Roger wants to go another
time: ~~one~~ 16 days is all we should have there; & so on & so on.
As at present decided, we go to Cassis on the 30th,
to Sicily by boat on the 6th, home by Rome, &
shall be back the 28th. This is a nice length
trip; but the other would have had one splendid
moment—on a gangway. But we should have been
harried & hustled — so I console myself: seen only
coasts in the distance: a German traveller would have
interrupted: they would have made us play Bridge.
Why not trip
next year, with Harold in Whitehall,—
weeks, dearest?

8th March I have had a great dull week — no parties, except one
which Lytton gave to seduce me into liking a pink boy of his —
a new pink boy called Roger Senhouse. I got slightly
tipsy & chattered (at the boy): came home & chattered.
The pink boy said he must apologise for being so dull.
He was half asleep, had been up till 6: but its no use; these
buggers are always dull. Now why? Do they
exhaust their charms in noses, & so on? Otherwise
I have read a great deal, & done up 20 dozen parcels.
Two strange women have come into my life—

One called Ursula Greville, a bad ~~s~~ singer, I gather who feels that I could straighten her life, & asks me to come & see her in bed — Shall I? — The other, Mrs Leake of the Albany. But no. I want Vita: I want Insect; I want currant bun; twilight — oh & night too if you insist, with the birds singing & the stars rising. How romantic the Sackvilles are to be sure!

You see I couldn't tell you the central fact of Clive's affair — Mary forbade. So it lacked structure. But the fragments are there — simply he couldn't work, found passion unsatisfying, parties dull, remorse gnawed him, he said he must fly, asked my advice: I gave it. Fly, I said, to your book — your green lamp. But why not here in London? said Mary. If he goes it's you, she said, that he'll forget me.

want to break it, she said, turning on
me with an ashen face & emerald eyes —
(Yes, I love passion: & she's Venus
toute entière à sa proie attachée
without a doubt.) Damned housemaid
I said, flying into one of those rare
passions which its said are
terrible to see, out of my house. & so
on. If I want love, I have it in
Percy, I said: I dont want you &
your street blown roses. Clive
quailed between the two of us; &
at length, shuffling & shallying,
made off with his tail between
his legs to write a history of
civilisation at Cassis. So
there you are: save for one fact,
which has to do with the
feminine physiology, & must die with me.
I'm writing about Morgan Forster: I'm
writing about Lady Augusta Stanley &
Miss Emily Davies; & about novels. [illegible]
street walking; & about

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a vulgar rag called The Weekly Despatch.)
None of these, thank God, will you see;
& then my hundred's made; I'm
well ahead with the world, & need
write no more till then old fish, of
whom I've told you — his Gold, but
has moulted several scales — his
tail quite bald by the way. &
he lost one eye in a fight with —
Tench — rises to the top, & I net
him. Yes, I've thought of an
entirely new book: it may be two:
Each more entirely new than the other.
So my fortune gilds the future for
me — if my father didn't leave me
pearls, this was by way of a
makeshift.

Gorse still says, only two
weeks ago, "Ah Mrs Woolf!
doesn't respect her father"
Darling Mong. What

are you walking & saying, feeling, thinking, eating, drinking, even spitting; if it comes to that. Yes, you are solidly lodged in my heart—such as it is: the cold heart of a fish: (by the way, Pinker eats a cod's head in the square, is sick under my bed, & I say, beaming, Dearest Vita!) I'm asking Louie to have Pinker for a month. Does that matter?

I'll catch every possible post.

And you will too?

I'll give you addresses next week.

Yr

Virginia

I left this open, hoping for my letter in the cage. None. Only a long, scented illegible effusion from Ottoline—Curse!

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Tuesday
March
15 1927

I spent yesterday, you'll be glad to hear because you are an Ogre if ever there was one, in the depths of gloom. The mousetrap filled itself & refilled itself — never a letter from you — none for a fortnight. Even Mrs Cartwright noticed my melancholy & offered me a plain bun. At last, just as hope seemed extinct, & the waters of despair were shut above my head sitting over the gas fire two arrived; full as nuts; delicious: milky, meaty, satisfying every desire of my soul, except darling, for a complete lack of endearments. See how naturally my 'darling' drops out. To punish you, I shant call you honey once this letter. So there. Oh yes, Vita I'm more subtle than you think for. Read between the lines, donkey West; put on your horn spectacles, & the arid ridges of my prose will be seen to flower like the desert in spring: cyclamen, violets, all a growing, all a blowing.

This very moment a young man — 39 I suppose though — has just left the room with these identical words on his lips. "Pray, is V. Sackville West the same person as Mrs Nicolson? I've just read "The Land". Its a masterpiece — a classic — the best poem of our age. I dont know when I enjoyed a book so much. And whats so exciting is that I'm going to teach her little boys at Summerfields". My face fell: I was furiously jealous. This was Mervyn Arnold-Forster, who may become our partner (you'll agree he ought to be a publisher — & by God, we'll get your

I shall attend the Hawthornden Prize giving if possible — should be soon.

next poem out of you — see if we dont) He's doing schoolmaster for a term. Ben & Nigel will catch some of your glory I hope. Really he's a sensible little creature, dry as a biscuit, with a passion for fields & hedges. I think he's going to come to us. But say nothing to nobody — dont go blurting Hogarth Press secrets to the Bachtiaris.

I shouldnt take your sterility much to heart, if I were you. Ones mind wants to lie under the leaves & let them rot on top. Solitude is the one thing I want to write about. Lets see how differently we do it. Dotty also wrote.

I rather flinch at 15 miles a day for 14 days; but I daresay its all in your stride. I must warn you that if you come back lean as a flail & brown as a berry, with any damage to body or brain, I shall no longer respect you: I shall come back plump as a partridge & red as a rose NYPL — a very different matter. I'm going to do nothing but sit in the sun, eat hugely, & watch landscapes. Thats the way I travel. Looking, looking, looking & making up phrases to match clouds. It is the passion of my life. You cant think how dry & gravelly my mind gets when I dont take it to the South where things have a dash of red & blue to them, & dont wobble in pale grease as they do here.

Do not buy me a coat. As you know I utterly refuse & abominate presents; & I dont want to spend a penny on clothes this summer. Last summer I spent £12.10: this summer 8½d. I want to buy carpets & beds for Rodmell. I'm that

Argyll House

sick of making money I'd rather walk into Argyll House naked than earn another guinea. ~~fit~~ But if you have bought it, of course I'll joyfully flaunt in it, in the Haymarket, d'you remember, in the dark. Sibyl dropped me. Everybody's gone — no, there's Eddy coming to tea — We linger like ghosts in a world of incredible beauty — I take back my insult to ~~the~~ ~~can~~ ~~the~~ England. I've just been buying cigarettes in the Tottenham Court Road — Rivers of silver, breasted by plumes of gold: Omnibuses & shops equally beautiful — Why go to Persia when the T. Ct. Rd. is like that? Now Roger wants to go to Greece — too late. We've plunged for a week at Cassis, then Sicily, then Rome. About addresses — we shall be at the HOTEL CENDRILLON, CASSIS FRANCE, from March 30th to April 6th: then by boat to Palermo. But I'm not sure of dates or hotels after that so you'd better write to Tavistock Sqre. & they'll forward. Do write, any scrap. I shall count on it. I know there'll be a fortnight's break. Damn you Vita. Why do you insist upon taking the world by the scruff of its neck & shaking it? Why these great & gallant ways? being so adventurous & athletic & Spartan? So we lose a fortnight's friendship. Talking of my snobbery & the disgrace it puts on my respect for you, I tell you this story — a true one — We were asked to a party by Todd. We were dining near by: when we stood at her door, what decided me to go in? ~~not~~ Not Leonard's exhortations to come back to bed; but my certainty that Raymond would come up to me, kind & grave, & say, Kindly & Gravely. You've heard of Vita's accident? To avoid this, I came home.

(No: you can't get this in time to write to Cassis, suppose

(hah hah! who said 'respect' once?)

Wednesday March 18

Heavens be praised! Another letter from you just found in the cage! A very very nice one: all about splinters going mad. Dearest honey (damn, there its out) dont be glooming about not writing poetry. I like your prose. Eddy's coming in a moment. Shall I lecture him about his party? I'll be highly discreet.

All news seems too unreal to send. You cant be interested in my dinners & teas; nor am I much, nor in Clive's heart; nor in anything but the depths of the soul, which I've no time to fish up. It must all seem incredibly silly & thin. Not my ~~aff love~~ respect though: thats all right, I can assure you. Crush this in your fingers as you walk over the hills, & float on a swollen goat skin. ~~I'm glad Dotty dont pan out well in the East.~~ Bloomsbury's the right training for Persia.

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Yes I'm perfectly well: was rather headachy & had a sore throat; & recovered completely: & Lydia Keynes said she'd never seen me look better last night. But then she admires my shingled head. I dont. Its like the hind view of a frightened hen partridge.

My dear, I must stop.

Dearest Vita as you love me take care of yourself on the Expedition (curse it) Tell Harold he must be careful of you, & not let you go on if you're tired. ~~What about the Bloody Flux & all the rest of it?~~

Now darling honey (its out) goodbye

Yr

Virginia

52 Tavistock Sqre.

March 23rd ~~1926~~ 1927

Dearest Honey,

Are you well? Did you enjoy the walk? Were you drowned, shot, raped, tired? Lord! I'd give a good deal to know. But the silly thing is that I'm writing before you've even left Teheran, I suppose. What I pretend to be past is all in the future. Yet to you, reading this, its over. All very confusing, I pray God I may never have to write to you in Persia again.

How you'd laugh to see me stretched out comatose recovering from two days high temperature — all owing to inoculation, & my principles — I knew I deserve it. I urged you so lightly into it — how little I pitied you — & now you shall laugh at me. How I wish you'd walk into the room this moment, & laugh as much as you like.

Why do I think of you so incessantly, see you so clearly the moment I'm in the least discomfort? An odd element in our friendship. Like a child, I think so if you were here, I should be happy. Talking to Lytton the other night he suddenly asked me to advise him in love — whether to go on, over the precipice, or stop short at the top. Stop, stop! I cried, thinking instantly of you. Now what would happen if I let myself go over? Answer me that. Over what? you'll say. A precipice marked V.

I had a visit from Edith Sitwell whom I like. I like her appearance — in red cotton, many flounced, though it was blowing a gale. She has hands that shut up in ones own hands like fans — far more beautiful

than mine. She is like a clean hare's bone that one finds on a moor with emeralds stuck about it. She is infinitely tapering, & distinguished & old maidish & hysterical & sensitive. She told me awful Bronte stories about being cursed by her mother as a child & made to kill blue bottles in a hot room. I like talking to her about her poetry — she flutters about like a sea bird, crying so dismally. But honey, can one make a new friend? Can one begin new intimate relations? Dont mistake me. No specific in this case — only I was discussing friendship with Morgan Forster. One can not follow up human relations any more he said. There's Dante to read. Solitude. ones soul. He is half a monk. An elderly bugger is always something of a priest. Leonard went down to Sevenoaks with

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Puppy. Louise met him, & Leonard was very downcast. Puppy didn't seem to mind going, he said. Half laughing ~~It~~ I said I'd ring up & ask after her. He took it quite seriously. This shows where you've led us in dog worshipping. He thinks she's hermaphrodite: Lizzy has the flux: puppy still hermetically sealed.

Sunday. 27th

: The germs are clearing off: so you shant laugh any longer. But I'm being as careful as a cat on eggs in terror lest I shouldnt be able to start on Wednesday — you know what Leonard is. ~~Anoth~~ A visit from Eddy, & a talk about promiscuity. He deplores the taste as much as you do. He swears by love himself. I gather he is becoming the other way inclined, or balances between the two. He is wildly romantic, dreams I'm sure, of princes with violet hair, leaning out of

mullioned windows, scribbles endlessly, has boundless belief in himself, & in 20 dozen other people too. Look here — will you come to Oxford on May 18th, & lecture some undergraduates? on poetry & fiction, I think. I agreed, at Eddy's persuasion — the charm of his absurdly serious literary views. As if I — or anyone — did any good by being set up to chatter for an hour about impassioned prose — I'm banging about this way & that like a ship at anchor in a rough sea. Millions of things have to be done before we start. The question of the back steps has been started again — we may get it very likely. I've had to buy skirts, hats, shoes, boxes, mackintoshes. I find myself in the wrong department. I dream. I saunter. People trample on me — they inflict the most dreadful insults at Marshall & Snelgroves. ~~I [illegible]~~ It's humiliating to be in the Babies Sack Dept. when one wants Ladies handbags. The doc's been, & refuses firmly to give me another dose. So I shall go half vaccinated: but I stuck up for my principles all the same. I'm in robust health. I get so excited, dreaming of Paestum, Segesta, the Campagna, Palermo, first sight of Sicily & so on. Oh & about the Hawthornden — I take it for granted that they are putting off the presentation till you come back. It must be so: or they would have given it already. Your mother writes me long letters on sheets of paper with holes through the corners, about love & death & you & Ebury Street — money. I answer suitably — rather more 19th than 18th century now: profuse, romantic. Imagine us prancing & caracolling together; but like a pair of courting butterflies, never coming very close together.

~~Wed~~ Tuesday. Oh damn, Vita — no letter at all. This is the first bag you've missed since you've been away. And for me

the worst, because now I shan't hear till goodness knows when —
What can have happened? Illness? But then you'd have written
& said nothing: or I'd have heard. I dont suppose you're angry. Then
you must have gone on an Expedition, or the bag is late. And I'm
off early tomorrow without a word. I assure you, this does
sadden me rather. You seem utterly disappeared, at the moment.
I'll write to Cyprus. You seem gone, gone, for ever.
But dear honey write to Tavistock Sqre all the same, —
forgive this execrably scrawled letter. They will forward

Are you well? Are you happy?

(No: I dont for a moment suppose your angry — its
the malice of fate, thats all: & I daresay I'll
hear by the ordinary post on Wednesday)

Yr Virginia

We leave Cassis for Sicily on the 6th by Boat from
Marseilles: wander about Sicily for a fortnight; then a
week in Rome. Back April 25th.

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Villa Corsica.
Cassis

5th April
Tuesday.

I was in a towering passion — Clive had a long letter from Harold, I none from you. For some inscrutable reason after 4 days two arrived from you & one from Dotty. This has assuaged my rage, which threatened to make our journey one black & bitter pilgrimage of despair. I was very unhappy.

I am writing, with difficulty, on a balcony in the shade. Everything is divided into brilliant yellow & ink black. Clive is seated at a rickety table writing on huge sheets of foolscap, which he picks out from time to time in red ink. This is the History of Civilisation. He has by him Chambers' Dictionary of the English Language. We all sit in complete silence. Underneath, on the next balcony, Vanessa & Duncan are painting the loveliest pictures of rolls of bread, oranges, & wine bottles. In the garden, which is sprinkled with saucers of daisies, red & white, & pansies, the gardener is hoeing the completely dry earth. There is also the Mediterranean — & some bare bald grey mountains, which I look at, roasting in the sun, & think Vita is climbing over hills like that at this moment. I hope

your rubber shoes are doing well. Talk of solitude — I think your analysis highly subtle (oh yes, you're a clever donkey West: an original donkey, for all your golden voice, which has the world by the ears) It is the last resort of the civilised: our souls are so creased & soused in meaning we can only unfold them when we are alone. So Leonard thinks; & is determined to buy a farm house here & live alone, with me, half the year. It may be our form of religion. But then what becomes of friendship, love, intimacy? Nessa says, suddenly, she has been wondering why one is supposed to attend to people. Other relations seem to her far more important.

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I say, that's what Vita says in her letter this morning. Heard from Vita? says Clive, pricking up his ears, like a war horse, out at grass — (for he has renounced the world, & puts water in his wine, & looks incredibly pink & fresh) Yes, I say. And off we go, discussing you & Harold & Dottie, whom we gather, (Clive & I that is) is not ~~such a~~ altogether cut out for the life of a diplomatist's friend in Teheran. This may be over subtle, & malicious, on our part, But you know what Clive is, & Virginia too, when they get together. Then Colonel Teed & Miss Campbell

Come to lunch – he a retired cavalry officer, she his mistress:
both together vine growers, living in a divine 17th century
manorhouse, set with cypresses, painted, tiled, with
tanks of frogs & Roman aqueducts. Miss Campbell
was sitting in the dark listening to the frogs last
night when we went there. So there we all sat quite
silent, & then the frogs began again; & the Colonel
made us come in & drink several different kinds of
wine in his great empty room, & we were given
bunches of wild tulips. Vita, & why don't we all live
like that, Vita? — & never go back to Bloomsbury
anymore? You meet a Miss Brown here, & she
says her eldest son is 17. Yes. She has
three children by the Italian singing master in
Genoa. Madame Labrotte was afflicted with a
gigantic tumour – had all the doctors of London &
Paris to consult — came to Cassis to recuperate &
was delivered, at the age of 50, in one quarter of an
hour, of a child. That is our atmosphere – slightly
detached, from reality – or Argyll House: mute:
~~they~~ they are all painters: every street corner has an
elderly gentleman on a camp stool; austere: the
sink of the bath has to be filled with flannel;
Clive does it for me: I stand in a chemise with jugs of
cold water, since the pipe is blocked. Our grand

Extravagance is wine, which the peasants sell, & Clive -
Duncan fetch in great baskets, dressed in cotton clothes,
with rope slippers: Duncan smuggles brandy in, & so
we sit, talking, for hours — now we are off to
Sicily, not alas by the Pierre Loti which has
sunk or disappeared, but by train, early tomorrow.
I am all the time thinking about poetry & fiction:
& also of Vita; & the Insect. The best piece of
news I have had is that Harold is in travail.
Say nothing: his own good sense will deliver him: But
then you must persuade Leonard not to embrace
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the religion of solitude in Provence. In her
latest letter your mother says you are thinking of
living near me in Bloomsbury. I assume that
this is merely your mothers exquisite good manners -
Live near me in Provence: we will sit under
the cypresses & drink wine, & you shall write poetry —
which by the by I'm going to tell the Oxford
Undergraduates is a hobbled, shackled tongue tied
vehicle now for the voice of the soul, which — did
you know it? — now speaks in prose.
Now I'm going to stop; rather tipsy in the

3 head after lunching in the hotel. And oh damn! a familiar sound floats up from the courtyard — I look out & see, at a little table, Julia Strachey, Tommie, & Douglas Davidson! The shades of the prison house descend. I trust we don't meet Raymond & Ethel in Palermo.

Please darling honey come back safe. We will have a merry summer: one night perhaps at Long Barn: another at Rodmell: we will write some nice pieces of prose & poetry: we will saunter down the Haymarket. We will not dine at Argyll House. We will snore.

1. Virginia is completely spoilt by her shingle.
2. Virginia is completely made by her shingle.
3. Virginia's shingle is quite unnoticeable.

These are the three schools of thought on this important subject. I have bought a coil of hair, which I attach by a hook. It falls into the soup, & is fished out on a fork.

Are you well? —

Virginia

My last letter, thank God.